

A PAPER FOR MEN AND WOMEN—ONE HALFPENNY.

The Daily

1/2d.

ILLUSTRATED

1/2d.

Mirror.

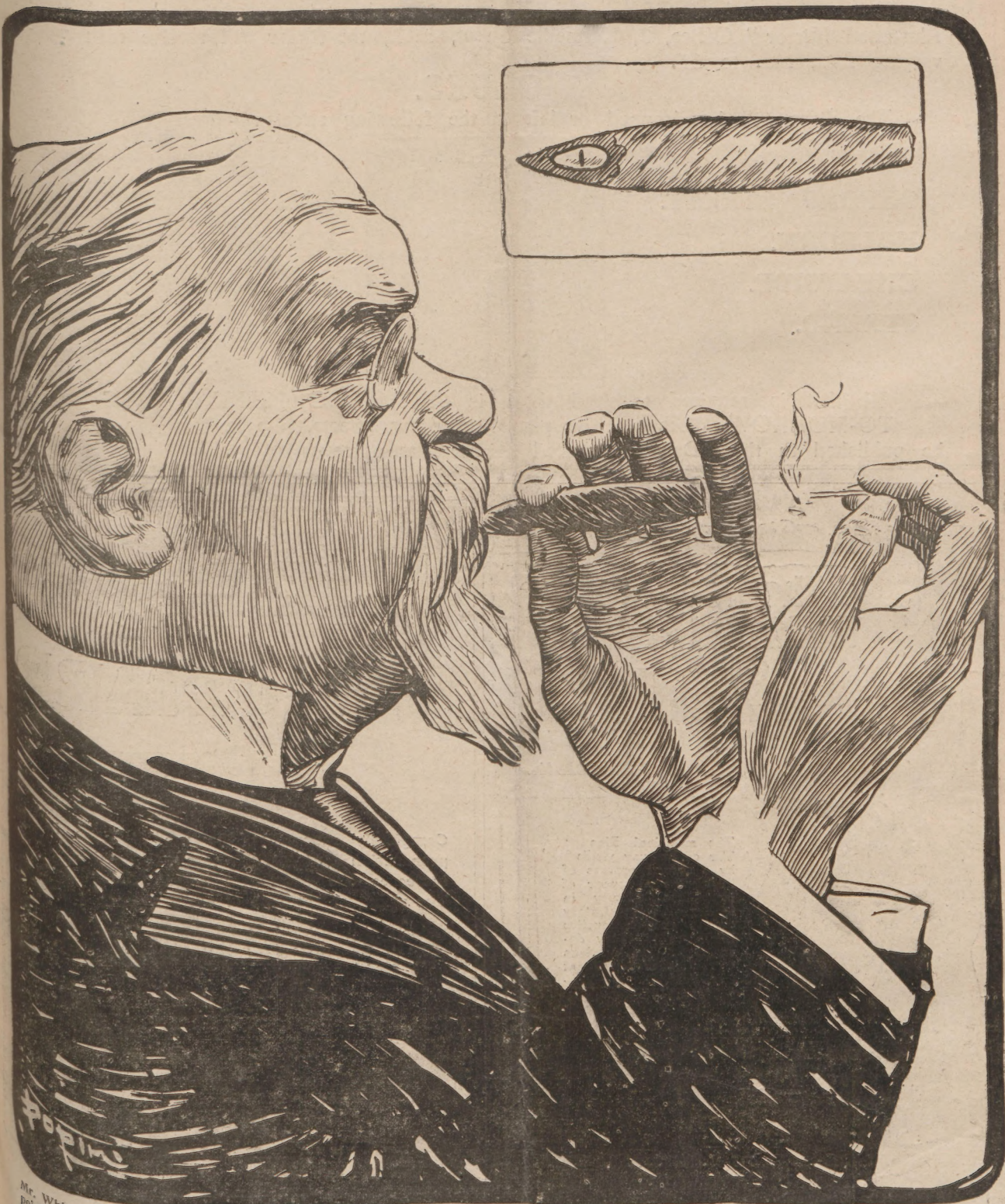
No. 74.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

DEATH IN THE CIGAR—A LAST SMOKE.



Mr. Whitaker Wright in the act of lighting the cigar which is believed to have been poisoned and to have cost him his life. Suicide by poisoned cigars is no novelty to Americans, and Mr. Whitaker Wright, as an astute American, doubtless fully appreciated all these possibilities. The method of secreting poison by capsules in cigars is shown in the above diagram.

UNHIDDEN TREASURE.

"DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" DISCS
THAT ANYONE CAN FIND.

SHARP EYES ONLY NEEDED.

During the course of the day, a number of agents of the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" will distribute, in various parts of London, and in various places, small discs, of which the accompanying picture is a facsimile.

Each disc has A SECRET MARK upon it, and upon presentation at the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite Street, E.C., the finder will receive cash value varying from 10s. to £5.

CLUES.

The discs will be dropped or left in the following streets:—

OXFORD STREET.
HOLBORN.
CHEAPSIDE.
STRAND.



FLEET STREET.
EDGWARE ROAD.
TOTTENHAM COURT RD.
WHITECHAPEL ROAD.

All that is required to find them is A PAIR OF SHARP EYES.
TO-MORROW, discs will be placed in other streets, the names of which will be published in the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" to-morrow.



The product of the
NORWEGIAN PINE FORESTS
**GÉRAUDEL'S
PASTILLES**

The medicinal Pine Tar of Norway yields by a special process of distillation a vapour of marvellous efficacy in freeing the respiratory organs from obstructive influences of every description. This precious vapour is the dominant ingredient in the composition of

**GÉRAUDEL'S
PASTILLES,**
which never fail to remove
the most stubborn cough.

As the Pastilles slowly dissolve in the mouth the air inhaled carries the volatile emanations of the medicament into the respiratory organs, and immediate relief is given to such as suffer from coughs, colds, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, hoarseness, laryngitis, and all kindred troubles.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Completely supersedes the use of Eggs in the preparation of High-Class Custard—Greatly increases the popularity of all Sweet Dishes—The unfailing resource of every successful Hostess.

Rich in Nutriment. Delicate in Flavour.

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

BIRD'S CUSTARD

Is the one thing needed

with all Stewed, Tinned or Bottled Fruits. It enhances their flavour and imparts to them a grateful mellowness.

JAN. 28, 1904.
TO-DAY'S WEATHER
Our special forecast for to-day is: Clear and settled; rain at times generally; Lightning-up time: 5.40 p.m.
SEA PASSAGES.
English Channel, North Sea, and Irish Sea rough.

TO-DAY'S NEWS GLANCE.

Strange theories regarding the murder of Whittaker Wright's death based on the discovery of cyanide of potassium in the contents of the dead man's pockets. Particulars of the inquest, which will be held to-day, and the affection which he inspired. (Pages 6 and 7.)

A portrait appears of Mr. Whittaker Wright, a cigar, which is supposed to have been used by him in the murder. (Page 11.)

Breakfast table talk on things in general. (Page 12.)

M. Loubet starts on his visit to Italy. (Page 13.)

Major Powell-Cotton, home from Africa, relates the remarkable adventures in that part of the country. (Page 13.)

Madame Humbert is very anxious to be reopened. (Page 13.)

Notes are given on "People who are about." (Page 13.)

The election of a member to the Royal Society an interesting ceremony. (Page 14.)

A new serial, "The Path of the Pioneer," to-day. (Page 14.)

In a letter to the *Daily Mirror* Wilson severely criticises Boris Sarafin as a "leader." (Page 9.)

An astonishing list of articles "in the press" was submitted to auction. (Page 9.)

A sketch is given of the court in London to-day. (Page 9.)

Miss Agnes Weston is still busy with the work of the cable company. (Page 8.)

Mr. J. Wolfe-Barry yesterday had a letter from the cable company. (Page 8.)

Miss Kay, the fastest trotter in the world, has been sold for her own use. (Page 8.)

Over Paris correspondent tells of the capture of gull-birds in that city. (Page 8.)

The Post Office has been experimenting with a new machine for transmitting messages. (Page 8.)

The death is announced of Mr. L. J. P. a Scottish explorer. (Page 9.)

Profession playgoers are looking for a new production of Mr. Pinero's "The Forsyte Saga." (Page 9.)

The damage done by the fire at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, is being estimated. (Page 4.)

Mr. J. W. T. yesterday held a meeting to protest against the proposed alterations. (Page 4.)

Judge Edge has given a definition of "conspiracy." (Page 4.)

The question that has arisen between the Hungarian hands has not yet been settled. (Page 4.)

A lady named Bell was yesterday charged with the theft of a diamond necklace. (Page 4.)

Mr. J. W. T. yesterday defeating a challenge. (Page 10.)

In the City matters were on the tapis. (Page 7.)

The monthly pay for four days' work of composers on the "Daily Mirror" is reported to be making a serious case. (Page 7.)

Reports are indicated for the completion of the arrangements for the visit of the Duke of Devonshire to the Address is presented. (Page 7.)

Mr. Chamberlain presides at the annual meeting of the Birmingham University. (Page 7.)

Mr. J. W. T. yesterday defeating a challenge. (Page 10.)

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Continuing rough and unsettled; rain at times generally; mild.
Lighting-up time: 5.40 p.m.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, North Sea, and Irish Channel, all very rough.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Strange theories regarding the manner of Mr. Whittaker Wright's death based on the post-mortem discovery of cyanide of potassium are discussed. Notes and the coincidence of the number seven. Gov. and the affection which he inspired in subordinates. (Pages 6 and 7.)

A portrait appears of Mr. Whittaker Wright smoking a cigar, which is supposed to have contained cyanide of potassium. (Page 1.)

Breakfast table talk on things in general. (Page 1.)

M. Loubet starts on his visit to Italy on April 6 next. (Page 13.)

Major Powell-Cotton, home from British East Africa, relates the remarkable customs of the natives in that part of the country. (Page 13.)

Madame Humbert is very anxious that her case should be reopened. (Page 13.)

Notes are given on "People who are being talked about." (Page 13.)

The election of a member to the Royal Academy is quite an interesting ceremony. (Page 13.)

A new serial, "The Path of the Prodigal," commences to-day. (Page 14.)

In a letter to the *Daily Mirror* Mr. Reginald Wyse severely criticises Boris Sarafoff, the Macedonian "leader." (Page 9.)

An astonishing list of articles "lost" by Londoners was submitted to auction yesterday. (Page 9.)

A sketch is given of the court in which the inquiry relative to the death of Mr. Wright will be held to-day. (Page 9.)

Miss Agnes Weston is still busy with her work among the sailors. (Page 8.)

Mr. J. Wolfe-Darby yesterday had something to say of the benefits to cable companies in times of war, etc. (Page 8.)

Benjie Kay, the fastest trotter in the world, has won thousands of pounds for his owner. (Page 8.)

Our Paris correspondent tells of a remarkable crop of geol-birds in that city. (Page 8.)

The Post Office has been experimenting with a mechanical machine for transmitting telegrams, a sketch of which is given. (Page 8.)

The death is announced of Mr. David Porteus, a Scottish explorer. (Page 9.)

Polish playgoers are looking forward to the production of Mr. Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Stranowsky." (Page 9.)

The damage done by the fire at Turin University was enormous, priceless MSS. being lost (Page 4.)

Minister to protest against the invasion by a British force. (Page 4.)

Judge Edge has given a definition of the term "Constitutional procession." (Page 4.)

The question that has arisen between two well-known Hungarian hands has not yet been settled. (Page 4.)

A lady named Bell was yesterday committed for trial at Marylebone charged with shoplifting at Grosvenor-grove. (Page 4.)

Madell, the wrestler, has added one more to his list of victims, yesterday defeating Pat O'Rourke in Cork. (Page 10.)

In the City matters were on the whole rather quiet. (Page 7.)

Eight months' pay for four days' work has been the lot of compositors on the "Daily News." (Page 7.)

Japan is reported to be making strenuous efforts to bring Russia to a settlement. (Page 3.)

Prospects are indicated for the coming Session of Parliament on Tuesday next. (Page 7.)

The attitude of the Duke of Devonshire on the subject of the Address is predicted. (Page 7.)

To-day's Arrangements.

Mr. Chamberlain presides at the annual meeting of the Council of Governors of Birmingham University.
The Mayor of King's College addresses his constituents.
Mr. Long, Norton.
Mr. Wilson, Gresham at Bristol.
Mr. Churchill at Kidderminster.
The Bishop of Canterbury presides over a conference at Lambeth Palace (two days).
Mr. Day at Gray's Inn.
Mr. Chamberlain's final Lecture, Royal Academy, 4. (Page 14.)

SAW THE INEVITABLE DEATH.

Identification of the bodies removed from the scene of the explosion is only possible by means of the tagging tags which the men take on entering the mine.
The bodies as they are brought up are placed together on sleds and conveyed to a neighbouring mortuary, which has been converted into a place in which the dead are being all day past the eyes of their dear ones.
Nearly all the dead were found with their hands pressed out over their faces, showing that they were conscious of their presence. It is thought that the danger of igniting fire-damp, lit a match, and thus caused the explosion.

JAPAN FORCING RUSSIA'S HAND.

Prospects of Trouble, and the Korean King Changes His Bedroom.

Japan has tired of Russian procrastination. The most important news this morning is that the Tokio Government has intimated to the Russian Minister that an early response is desired to the last Japanese Note, delivered over a fortnight ago.

The Note actually reached Russia on the 16th, and Japan says "sufficient time has elapsed for the consideration of the reply."

This is a proof that Japan has decided to have no more evasions and delays created by her antagonist with the object of gaining time for fresh reinforcements. Failing a prompt reply from St. Petersburg, decisive action may be expected within the next few days.

The Japanese people would rather have war than the present suspense, which is stopping all

trade. Japan's activity will probably take the form of a descent on Korea.

Russia is conducting suspicious movements in the north of that miserable country, and a Reuter Special telegram says "It is intended to concentrate on the Yalu 8,000 troops who are at present at Mukden and Port Arthur." A trainload of Cosaks has already left Port Arthur.

The Korean Emperor, anxious to guard against calamity, has "changed his bedchamber," and is consulting an astrologer.

In the Russian capital pessimism now reigns supreme, and business is disorganised, while stocks are falling. The most responsible people declare that the country is experiencing the most formidable crisis which she has ever had to face since she became an important Power.

The two new Japanese cruisers, Kasuga and Nishin, have reached Colombo on their way out.

MR. WILSON BARRETT, THE AUTHOR OF OUR NEW SERIAL.



"The Path of the Prodigal," our new serial by Mr. Wilson Barrett, the famous actor-author, starts to-day on page 14.

ROYAL ACADEMY ELECTIONS.

At a general assembly of Academicians and Associates of the Royal Academy of Arts, held last night, some new associates and honorary foreign Academicians were elected.
The latter are: Monsieur Leon Bonnat, painter, and Monsieur Emmanuel Fremiet, sculptor.
Frank Brangwyn, painter; Charles W. Furse, painter; and H. Pegram, sculptor, were elected associates.

HOLIDAY FOLK GO ABROAD.

Brighton by the sea found its attractions considerably dimmed last year by the over-abundant rainfall, and consequently the L.B. and S.C. Railway shows a decrease in traffic and profits. Lord Cottesloe, who presided yesterday at the half-yearly meeting, gave, however, a more cheering report of the Continental traffic.
This has continued to expand, and last year over two hundred thousand passengers passed over the Newhaven and Dieppe route.
Lord Cottesloe is hopeful on the possibility of electricity being introduced to advantage for short distance and suburban traffic, but does not think a system has yet been found likely to prove permanent in character and economical in working.

A COMING SCANDAL.

To the Scottish Liberal Association yesterday Lord Tweedmouth remarked that it would be a scandal if means were not found whereby all sections of the Liberal party acted and conquered together.

CAPTAIN HOOD'S NEW PLAY.

Special Irish! If only Captain Basil Hood had kept to it, what a bright play "Love in a Cottage" would have been!
He has a capital second act of barrack life in Ireland. It is gloriously funny. There is a Cockney order in it (Mr. J. A. Benthams) who hasn't had anyone to beat him since the love-sick sentry in "His Excellency the Governor."
There is also an Irish colleen, in which part Miss Dorothy Drake, who used to play moonstruck schoolgirls so well, comes out under quite new colours—those, namely, of an "auld plaid shawl."
Then Captain Hood becomes sentimental and serious, and by the third act he has no less than three ladies sobbing on the stage together, which is a dreadful thing, especially when one is convinced Captain Hood doesn't really care what they are sobbing about. If only he would forget that he wrote "Sweet and Twenty," and remember that he wrote "Dandy Dan," or even "Gentleman Joe"! We should have some more of that second act then.
S. R. C.

EXPRESS HAS A NARROW ESCAPE.

The Plymouth express leaving Exeter at 12.5 for Padstow, yesterday had a narrow escape from being wrecked.
When travelling at a high rate of speed after leaving Whitehall tunnel, the outside coupling rods connecting the driving wheels of the engine snapped, and its cab was wrecked. The fireman was badly hurt, but the driver escaped injury, and was able to pull up the express at Wellington Station.

SHE IS HERE.

The woman who wears trousers has come at last. She has been seen in Piccadilly, and yesterday there was no mistaking an exceedingly fine example in Knightsbridge.

To tell the truth she looked quite nice.

While the Piccadilly woman was rather a terror, she of Knightsbridge appeared positively handsome as she rode her bicycle through the crowded streets with really inimitable grace; and not all the rude remarks, the mocking laughter, or



Oblivious of the attention she attracted, a lady in a Norfolk jacket and bloomers strolled along Piccadilly. Our artist happened to be passing, and made this sketch of the scene.

shocked stares that she encountered added or detracted one whit from the delicate colour mantling her youthful cheeks.

Seriously she rode on, passing too swiftly for even a *Daily Mirror* representative to track her to her hair and draw from her the reasons why and wherefore she was wearing—well, a bifurcated garment.

THE "DAILY NEWS" DISCS.

The "Weekly Dispatch" is not alone in its glory. Far from it. The "Daily News" has gone one better. Instead of a modest £3,000, it has distributed £4,000; and all that the happy finders had to do was to set type pending the arrangement of certain difficulties that had arisen between the Union compositors and their employers.

Our artist has been fortunate enough to secure



A "Daily News" non-union comp. draws his salary and goes home in a motor-car—feeling himself a millionaire.

a snap-shot of one of the latest recruits to the rapidly-growing army of sudden plutocrats.

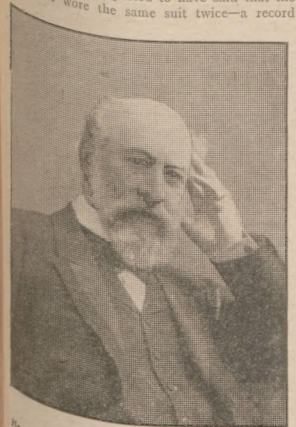
Two men employed in the stokehold of the steamer Thames, of Grangemouth, undergoing repair at Leith, were roasted to death as the result of a fire caused by a naphtha lamp upsetting. They were confined between two layers of iron plate.

pealed on a point of law, and that
that Mr. Justice Grantham had mis-

“ROYAL CLOTHES” MYSTERY

Mr. George Borley Explains His Remarks About the King.

We are now within measurable distance of a solution of the great mystery of the King's suits. It will be remembered that at a dinner of one of the tailoring trade associations, Mr. George Borley, who presided, was reported to have said that the King never wore the same suit twice—a record



SIR WALTER PEASE.
He is resigning his post as Agent-General in Chief for Natal.

Which would put his Majesty on a level with Hans Andersen's potentate, "The Emperor who Loved New Clothes."

In reply to the *Mirror* yesterday, Mr. Borley writes: "I am a member of the firm of Lewis, Sons, of St. James's-street, and one of the King's own tailors" threw light on the mystery.

"The fact is that my words, which were meant to be ironical, were taken seriously," he remarks. "What I really said was that I had been asked twice. My audience being tailors themselves, I knew that people in Hamburg would not know me, and I myself, who have had the honour of making a complete outfit for his Majesty for some years. It is not from home to hear news."

It is a curious fact that, though the King does not wear fashions either here in England or in Germany—of all countries in the world—the attire is the model for all the fashions. What is the King wearing now?"

It appears that, contrary to the general belief, the King does not patronise one tailor exclusively.



MADAME ALBANI.
The famous singer who leaves England this week for a concert tour in South Africa.

In the words of Mr. Borley, "He gives us a royal warrant, and is entitled to the same in the usual manner by the royal arms, but the King also has several reputable firms not so distinguished. It is thus impossible to compute the number of suits the King wears in the course of a year. He only wears the same clothes once in a very long time."

PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORD.

The largest photograph in the world has been taken of a view of Vesuvius and the city and bay of Naples. The original negative was taken on 9 by 11 plates and then the process being carried on in a dark room, a great wheel fifteen feet in diameter was revolved upon a great wheel fifteen feet in diameter in order to restrain local development, the other parts requiring forcing were treated with a sponge filled with developer. The process

of fixing alone was a serious one, the quantity of solution being such as would frighten an amateur photographer. Three tanks were used. The fixing tank measured 45 feet long by 6 feet wide and 3 feet deep, and was full of solution. The whole photograph measures 39 feet by 5 feet.

MONEY ALL OVER THE PLACE.

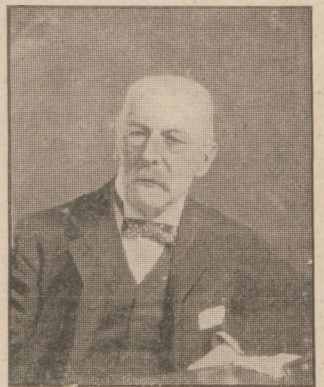
Varnisher Loses his Head and Nearly Loses his Money.

Coming into a fortune is a trying business for a poor man; he is apt to lose his head. Bill after bill flashed from the lavish hand of Frank Wagner, a New York varnisher, the other day. He went out into the street and distributed them broadcast from a huge roll of all values.

The police came up, took him in charge, and collected £70 of the scattered money from the crowd. Later on at the court, where he was charged with being intoxicated, Wagner explained that he had just come into a fortune of £10,000, and had drawn £20 on account. So he had a little drink to celebrate the occasion, with the result that the roll of paper money he held grew to a fortune which he felt he would like to share.

“PUNCH” ON TREASURE-HUNTING.

"A handy and ingenious case of implements is now," says "Punch," in an amusing article (which must surely be from Mr. E. V. Lucas's witty pen), "procureable at most ironmongers. It contains a pocket pickaxe, some miniature dynamite cartridges, a combination compass and sandwich case,



SIR HUGH G. MACDONELL, G.C.M.G.,
the well-known Diplomatist who has just died.

a penny theodolite, a life-preserver for use against rival hooligans, some sticking-plaster, an automatic camp-stool, a machine for calculating horoscopes, an acetylene lamp, a set of cooking utensils, a copy of 'The Complete Path-Finder; or the Tracker's Guide,' a list of police courts and lunatic asylums, and an insurance policy. The whole is made up in the form of the rucksack, popular in Alpine resorts."

Unhidden Treasure for everyone scattered about the streets of London. See the clues on Page 2 of to-day's DAILY MIRROR and go and pick it up.

HEIRLESS PEERS.

Discussing the House of Lords and its composition, a writer in "Chambers's Journal" calls to mind the fact that there are at the present moment rather more than fifty peers who have no heirs to

THE LOVELY MISS THYNNE.



Miss Agatha Thynne, the loveliest lady in the land, is engaged to be married to Lord Hindlip, who is one of the richest members of the British peerage.

“SAUCE” IN COURT.

English Business Firm Bring an Action Against the United States.

Worcestershire Sauce, in the persons of its owners, Messrs. Lea and Perrins, is bringing an action against the United States. The case is particularly important to all concerned in importing, because it is intended to make it the vehicle for obtaining a court ruling on the legality of the policy of secrecy by the Board of United States General Appraisers in reappraisement cases.

The case is an appeal from the decision of the General Appraisers in advancing the valuation of an importation of Lea and Perrins' sauce, which is a secret preparation. By a Treasury Department regulation, the proceedings in cases of reappraisement are secret.

Technically, there is no appeal from the decisions of the Board of General Appraisers on reappraisement. The only way in which such matters can be brought before the courts is by alleging illegality or fraud in the proceedings of the board.

It is officially announced that the Grenadier Guards band, under Bandmaster A. Williams, will visit the United States of America in August next.



MRS. WILLIE JAMES.
She took the part of Cinderella at Chatsworth House, and acted last night in a distinguished company of amateurs at Brighton.

THE RUSH TO THE SUNNY SOUTH.



Train loads of English people are travelling southward seeking sunshine on the Riviera. The Flower and Naval Battle at Villefranche is one of the great events of the season.

MR. WHITAKER WRIGHT MAKES HIS EXIT FROM LIFE

THE DEATH ROOM AT THE BACK OF THE COURT.



The room in the Court engaged by Mr. George Lewis for Mr. Whitaker Wright. It was here they retired after the verdict, and it was here the financier died so sadly.

Doctor Finds Signs of Cyanide Poisoning, and Appearance Point to a Deeply Planned Scheme to Escape the Ignomy of Gaol.

Mr. Whitaker Wright died by poison.

This fact is definitely established by the post-mortem examination held yesterday by Dr. Freyberger, the London County Council pathologist. Evidence of cyanide of potassium, one of the constituent parts of prussic acid, have been found; and the obvious corollary is that the deadly drug was taken by the unhappy convict himself.

A proud, inflexible spirit like Wright would not linger in choosing between the ignominy of Portland or Dartmoor and a sudden exit from life; and he had no doubt carefully thought out a means of confounding those who had brought him low.

What were those means? Had this clever, resourceful, unscrupulous man hit on an idea that suits better the pages of a penny dreadful than the sober records of an English court of justice?

Was the death-dealing poison concealed in the seemingly harmless cigar which Mr. Wright lighted just before his death? The evidence all points that way.

Mr. Wright had but just taken a few whiffs at the cigar when he fell back in the throes of death. Any other way of taking poison would scarcely have escaped observation, and in default of very clear proof to the contrary, the seemingly improbable must be accepted as the sober truth.

Those who doubt that Mr. Wright could possibly have thought out such a fantastic mode of ensuring death leave out of account the man's resourcefulness and ingenuity.

Pity the Prevailing Sentiment.

He had been in America, and he may have heard in some idle moment how cigars are "doctored" in the vile dens of New York. Unknown as cigar-poisoning is here, it is frequent in America. The tobacco is impregnated with some deadly drug, and as the cigar burns the victim falls dead as certainly as if he had drunk poison.

In the case of prussic or cyanide, the cigar would be an ideal medium. A deadly fume would arise that would cause death more quickly, if possible, than a liquid dose.

The smoke would attack immediately the respiration, and the person who inhaled it would fall in the sudden agony in which Whitaker Wright's life went out.

Or was the cigar only used as a cover to swallow a tabloid or capsule? That can only be known when the inquest reveals all the facts which the doctors have gathered.

Apart from the manner of death there is little to say except that Mr. Wright, by his suicide, has almost disarmed those who were most bitter against him. On all hands the prevailing sentiment is pity; condemnation of the crime is lost in compassion for the criminal, and even more for the unhappy people belonging to him.

EX-FINANCIER AND COSTERMONGER.

There was little unusual to be seen yesterday outside the little red brick building in Horseferry-road, known as the Westminster Mortuary. People came and people went, but there was no stopping. Passers-by paused and stared at the mortuary; and there were many who rang the bell to make brief inquiries, which were as briefly answered.

But there was nothing like a scene round the grim building.

There were many conjectures as to whether Mrs. Whitaker Wright had called or would call. But that distressed lady did not, and the *Daily Mirror* representative was informed that the first visit on behalf of the family will be made by Mrs. Wright's son this morning, prior to the inquest.

There are three or four other bodies in the mortuary, but the remains of Whitaker Wright lie in stately isolation from the rest.

Philosophers moralised on the curious fact that a co-tenant with the ex-millionaire is the body of a costermonger known as King Coffee. He, too, had died suddenly—while drinking a cup of coffee in a small coffee shop, and a former

official, "actually had the form of warrant on his desk before him. There were some minor but necessary details to fill in, and the Judge had already inserted these. Then he raised his pen to sign his name, as presiding Judge. There was insufficient ink for the signature. The Judge dipped the pen, but at that very instant a knock came at the door, and his Lordship's personal attendant appeared.

"My Lord," he said, hurriedly, "the prisoner is dead!"

"Mr. Justice Bigham paused, pen in mid-air, and the committal order remained unsigned. His lordship instructed the attendant to inform the Lord Chief Justice. Lord Alverstone referred the matter to the City authorities, from whose jurisdiction Mr. Whitaker Wright had been transferred to the Law Courts. Mr. Sheriff Langton appeared, but the City, it seemed, had no responsibility after the transference.

"Then the Home Office was advised. The Home Secretary inquired if the committal order had been signed, but it had not. The Home Office had no authority or charge over the body. There remained the L.C.C., within whose jurisdiction the Law Courts are placed. But that body again had no precedent upon which to act. The body will therefore, so far as I know," added the official, "be handed over to the friends at the conclusion of the inquest."

This statement, extraordinary as it appears, was later confirmed by a Home Office official.

Advantage of a Civil Court.

If the verdict is one of suicide no one will be liable to blame. The court in which the trial was held was not a criminal court. No warden guarded the prisoner, for he had been allowed and the condemned man had not yet been handed over to the care of the prison authorities.

If he had been, the warden would have been culpable, as their business is not to leave the side of the prisoner, or remove their attention in any way from his person until the "body" is actually in charge of the Governor of the gaol to which he is consigned.

Part of Whitaker Wright's eagerness to have the trial in the High Court and not at the Old Bailey is explained by the suicide theory. The transference of the trial was, of course, otherwise to his advantage; but the doomed man may have long ago meditated a final exit from his difficulties in case of an adverse verdict.

At the Old Bailey he would be so closely watched as to make it almost impossible to secrete means of self-destruction. It is true that the forger, Solomon Barmah, contrived to shoot himself after conviction a little over a year ago, but this is an extraordinarily rare occurrence, and the precautions now taken are even more severe than before.

In the Law Courts trial, on the other hand, there was far less difficulty in carrying out such a design.

THAT FIGURE SEVEN.

Did Mr. Whitaker Wright, one wonders, ponder on the number of times the mystic figure 7 appeared during his trial when he scribbled VII. and W. on the blotting-paper during the last few hours of his life? Perhaps he was struck by the similarity of the Roman numeral and the initials of his name, and the fact that seven years was the longest period of imprisonment to which he might be condemned.

It is seven years almost to a week since the London and Globe Finance Corporation was registered. On the seventh of March Mr. Wright sailed

the resident hairdresser, and this man had nothing but good to say of the dead financier.

"Of course," he said, "I don't know anything of Mr. Wright in regard to his business, but to me he was always courteous, kindly, and most generous. Some time ago he gave up his butler and personal valet in order to cut down expenses. That shows," said the man earnestly, "that he was anxious to do all in his power to get things straight. For he was one accustomed to all the luxuries of life, and even that deprivation meant a good deal to him."

"Yesterday morning when I went up to his room to shave him he was quite cheerful, and I am sure fully expected to be acquitted, for



SIR ROBERT FINLAY.
The man who said "There is not, in the present state of the law, sufficient ground for proceeding against the people responsible for the balance sheet of the London and Globe Finance Corporation with a prospect of success."
Photo by Everett.

he said to me, 'I shan't want you so early to-morrow. I shall take a good rest after the worry of this law business.'

"What time, sir, I asked him; 'about five?'"

"That will do very well," he said.

"Even," added the man, "if he did take his life he didn't intend to do so then, you see. It was a conclusive piece of logic but it showed the honest barber's anxiety to think the best of his friend."

THE TRAGEDY AT HOME.

It is only down in the wilds of Surrey, round the great estate and the palace the dead man possessed, and partly built, that one can appreciate the richly real human side of the tragedy. There is a little house a mile away from the huge estate, he left unfinished, lies his wife, who has been believed in him right up to the end of her life, by her sorrow, unable to move from her bed.

There are his children, a youth just entering manhood and two young women, all bitterly grieving for the kindly-mannered father they have lost. And surrounding them are servants whose grief is only a little less than that of their late master's family.

The poor people of the countryside mourn him as one man. Unwise they admit he may have been, but none thought he guilty of anything none can now believe him guilty of anything criminal. Was he not, they ask, the most generous of employers? Had he ever anything but a good word or a kindly thought for anybody?

"Suppose he was generous with his money," growled one, when this was suggested to him. "He certainly employed from five to seven hundred men on the estate, making the money by building the house and quarrying the stone for it, and sometimes he paid over £1,500 a week in wages. He built an institute for the men and two farms, and gave them a fine billiard-table."

"He killed nine bullocks and gave nearly two tons of Christmas pudding to the men one Xmas."

"Money, I know, could do all that."

"But he always had a good word for everybody, and apart from his money everybody was well off at work, and said, 'It's thirty years he's been here. Let's have a drink,' and sent up to the home for bottled beer for us all, drinking with us like a man."

"He often drove some of my money there, his motor-car, too. And I think him a very good man do those things. And I think him a very good man up in the City who wasn't some good in the us. Don't tell me there wasn't some good in the man."

At present his family, utterly distracted by their grief, have been unable to think of any plans for their future.

MR. JOHN FLOWER DISTRESSED.

Mr. John Flower, it will be remembered, was the head and front of the prosecution movement and chairman of the committee that undertook proceedings.

He was interviewed by a *Daily Mirror* representative at his Bexhill residence last night. He appeared deeply distressed and had not as a consequence gone to London yesterday.

He expressed deepest sympathy with the sentence of the Court, but he said, "I should hardly like to express an opinion, more especially as a conviction and the painful circumstances of Whitaker Wright's death should have been satisfied with a principle, not a punishment."

There was no vindictive feeling against Whitaker Wright on the part of any member of the Prosecution Committee. I never saw him in the until after the Globe failure.

The Stock Exchange that for a considerable period

THE DEATH CART.



In such a narrow carriage was the body of the man who was for a time the biggest money king in the City carried from the Court after the final tragedy.

friend was relating this circumstance with keen enjoyment to all and sundry.

Whitaker Wright, the host of peers, and a costermonger, "well known in Westminster!" Such is the grim sarcasm of destiny.

NOT A "PRISONER."

Investigations by another *Mirror* representative reveal some curious facts.

Whitaker Wright at the time of his death was not a prisoner in the eyes of the law. He had been sentenced, but he had not been committed to the charge of the prison authorities. The order committing the "body," as a prisoner is termed in the phraseology of criminal law, was never signed. The story of this unsigned document is dramatic in the extreme.

"Mr. Justice Bigham," said a Law Court

from Havre to New York. There are twice seven letters in London and Globe, twice seven in Whitaker Wright, seven in January, the figures 2 7 multiplied make twice seven, and the figures 1, 2, 3, 4 also make twice seven.

The prisoner was condemned to seven years' penal servitude, and there were seven people in the room when he died.

AFFECTION OF SUBORDINATES.

The dead man, be his faults what they might, had the regard and even affection of all who served him. One of our representatives found that among the attendants and servants at Whitehall Court, where was Mr. Wright's comfortable flat, he was universally liked.

It was his custom to be shaved every morning by

A HUMAN DOCUMENT.

banking shares were helped somewhat by the statement of Mr. Schuster, the well-known banking expert and chairman, at the meeting of the Union Bank of London. Welsbachs continue to be bought on dividend prospects and some talk of a profitable arrangement with one of the metropolitan gas companies, of which, however, no de-

PICTURES AND PORTRAITS ILLUSTRATING YESTERDAY'S NEWS.

GOAL-BIRDS' CORPS.

France's Battalion of Criminals is the Bravest in Europe.

The Bataillon d'Afrique, or the Batt' d'Aff., is the smartest, the most dare-devil, and perhaps the bravest regiment in Europe, formed though it is of none but men who have been sentenced to more than six months' imprisonment for some crime or other.

I never in my life (writes our Paris correspondent) saw a less promising collection of blackguards than those at Charenton one cold grey morning, and they were treated in a way to make an English soldier gasp.

They came slouching along in twos or threes, accompanied by four or five of their lady-loves apiece. These ladies, who invariably carry a stiletto in their hair or in their stockings, usually contrive to get up a pitched battle on their own account before their lovers leave, and the men often join in with some smart pistol practice.

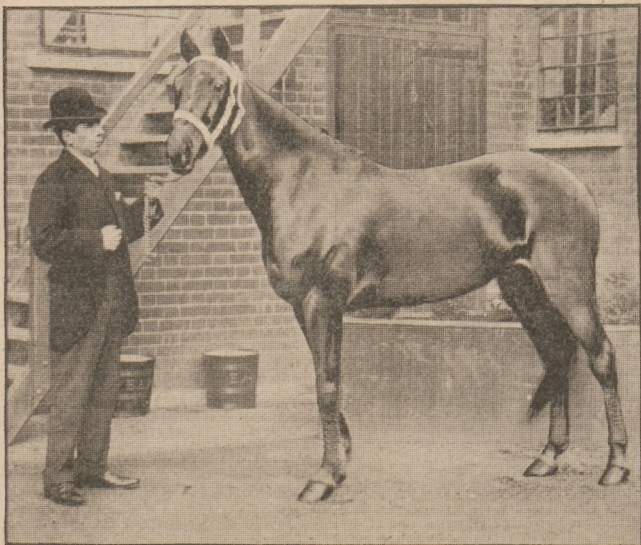
There were two rows of gendarmes and a file of soldiers, every man carrying a drawn revolver, for an outbreak might come at any minute. Each goal-bird was hustled down the line into a shed to be stripped, examined by a doctor, and searched for poison, for some of these worthies have a way of committing suicide in the train or on their way out to Algiers. After examination, they were told to dress again, and grouped outside the shed.

Then the women and some men friends burst through the line of soldiery to take farewell of the goal-birds, or, when they can, to smuggle them away, and it is not at all unusual for desertions to take place in this manner before their military service has begun. A free fight usually ensues, and ultimately the new recruits are circled by a ring of military, revolvers pointed at them, and marched off to Maisons-Alfort Station, while the rest of the soldiers keep back those of the men who are not recalcitrant and the lady friends whom Monsieur Alphonse leaves behind him. Sometimes, however—and this is what occurred the other day—the crowd breaks through the soldier circle, and a free fight, punctuated by revolver shots, stiletto stabs,

MISS AGNES WESTON, THE HANDY MAN'S BEST FRIEND.



Here is Miss Weston, among her "messmates." She founded the Weston Homes, which welcome sailors freely in all our principal ports.



Bessie Kay, the fastest trotter in the world. She has won thousands of pounds for her owner, Mr. E. A. Robinson. Mr. Edge holds her head.

and various apache amenities, ensues, until the military get the upper hand and, with blows and kicks, drive the unwilling conscripts off to serve their country. And yet these fellows generally turn out smart soldiers, and although they often shoot an officer or two are looked upon as quite the finest corps of men in Africa.

WAR PROFITS CABLE COMPANIES.

Wars and rumours of war are the cable companies' opportunity for heavy traffic and large profits. This was the keynote of Sir J. Wolfe Barry's speech yesterday at the half-yearly meeting of the Eastern Telegraph Company, business hav-



Mr. Donald Murray and his wonderful machine for transmitting telegrams. The Post Office has been experimenting with the invention for a year, and soon it is hoped all telegraph messages will be sent out in clear, bold typewriting.

THE BEAUTIFUL MISS MABEL LOVE.



This delightful young lady is now playing "principal girl" in "Humpty Dumpty," the Drury Lane Pantomime.

ing fallen off with South Africa and increased to Japan, and also Aden, the nearest point to Somali-land. The subsidised Pacific Cable has forced down rates to the Far East, and Sir Wolfe Barry strongly protested against State-aided competition. He admitted, however, that on strategic grounds

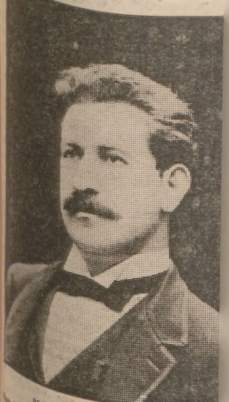
the action of the British and Colonial Governments was justified.

Unhidden Treasure for everyone scattered about the streets of London. See the clues on Page 2 of to-day's DAILY MIRROR and go and pick it up.

SCENES AND

A SELF-ADVERTISING WINDMILL.

Mr. Reginald Wyon, late special correspondent of the "Daily Mail" in the Balkans, writes: "I notice that you are extremely anxious to do with Boris Sarafoff, who is looking for a self-advertising windmill. I beg to point out



MR. SAMUEL UNTERMYER. The New York company lawyer who fought for the extradition of Mr. W. J. Bryan, and who, on hearing of his tragic death, expressed his belief in his innocence. Mr. Untermyer is a United States citizen, and is a millionaire.

making the somewhat common man of letters be remembered in England. It is a very small. The vast majority of the Macedonian Committee are insurgents under the leadership of General Zvonkoff, who is looking for a self-advertising windmill, and a man



TROUTBECK, THE CORONER. He has an inquest to-day into the death of Mr. Whitaker Wright. This photograph was taken at the telephone, the instrument of the death of the founder of the Corporation was announced.

is doing incalculable harm to the country, and who is said to be planning a measure, to the intense indignation of the authorities, who have hitherto always been against whom no proven accusation has been brought."

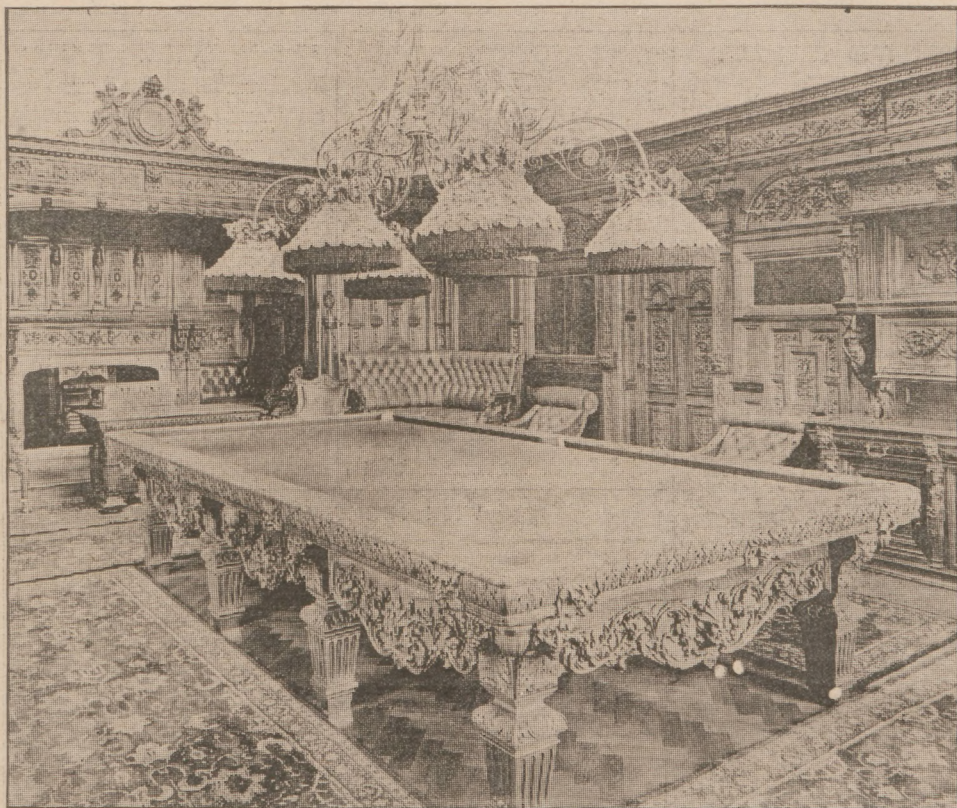
WHERE THE WHITAKER



In this sombre-looking room the deceased

SCENES AND PERSONALITIES IN THE WHITAKER WRIGHT TRAGEDY.

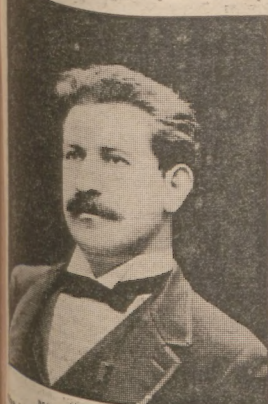
MR. WHITAKER WRIGHT'S BILLIARD ROOM AT LEA PARK.



Everything about the palace built by the dead financier is on a scale worthy of a royal residence. The house is now gloomy and unoccupied, the pall of financial and moral disaster being upon it. (Bulbeck.)

"A SELF-ADVERTISING WINDBAG."

Mr. Reginald Wyon, late special correspondent of the "Daily Mail" in the Balkans, writes from London: "I notice that you are extremely caustic in the Daily Mirror at the expense of the Macedonian insurgents. I beg to point out that you



MR. SAMUEL UNTERMAYER. The New York company lawyer who fought the case for the extradition of Mr. Whitaker Wright, and who, on hearing of his tragic death, uttered the bitterest English brewer's stock in the United States, and is a millionaire.

making the somewhat common mistake of assuming a cause because of one man. It should be remembered in England that Boris is not the Macedonian Committee; in fact, the party is very small. The vast majority of the Macedonian insurgents under the leadership of the General Tzontcheff refuse to have anything to do with Boris Sarafoff, who is looked upon as a self-advertising windbag, and a man who has



MR. TROUTBECK, THE CORONER. Mr. Troutbeck held an inquest to-day into the dramatic death of Mr. Whitaker Wright. This photograph shows him at the telephone, the instrument over which the death of the founder of the London and Lancashire Corporation was announced to him.

and is doing, incalculable harm to the cause. Mr. Troutbeck alone who arranged the Salonica Conference, and who is said to be planning more of a similar nature, to the intense indignation of the Macedonian insurgents, who have hitherto always fought against whom no proven accusation of treachery has been brought."

WHERE THE WHITAKER WRIGHT INQUEST WILL BE HELD.



In this sombre-looking room coroner and jurymen will to-day sift the allegation that the deceased killed himself with cyanide of potassium.

£1,000 SOLD FOR EIGHT SHILLINGS.

A messenger boy in New York the other day found a parcel lying in the street. It contained £1,000 in railway bonds.

The boy knew nothing of their value, and sold them for two dollars to a man who was equally ignorant and valued the bonds simply as good specimens of lithographic work.

When a hue and cry was raised later the boy and the man came forward, and the bonds were restored to their owner, a lady who had dropped them in the street.

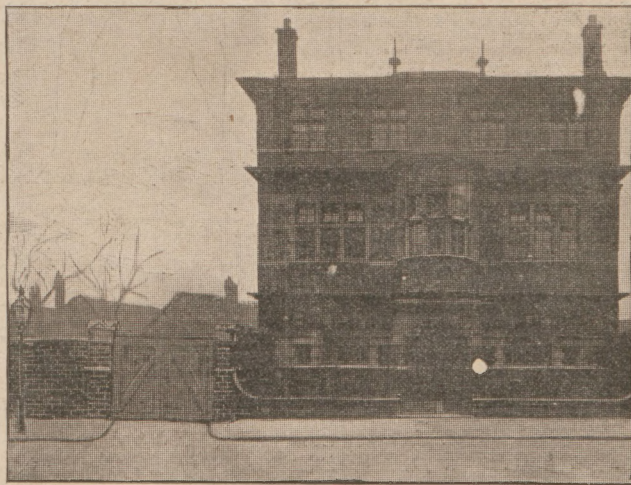
A RIPE REPAST.

M. Goebel, an antiquary of Brussels, recently gave a dinner remarkable for its ripe state of preservation. It comprised apples 1,800 years old from an earthen jar taken from the Pompeii ruins; bread made of wheat thousands of years old, taken from the Egyptian pyramids; butter taken from a well in Scotland, where it had lain 400 years in cold storage, and wine recovered from a vault in Corinth. There was plenty of the butter, but the other provender was divided by the spoonful.

NEGLECTED BY THEIR OWNERS.

One thousand seven hundred and fifty umbrellas, 500 walking-sticks, 110 pipes, a set of rubies, gold pins and other jewellery, a can of motor-spirit, 520 boots, 270 felt hats, and 250 straw hats and bonnets, were included in the collection of articles left in trains, which a firm of London auctioneers commenced to sell yesterday.

WHERE MR. WHITAKER WRIGHT'S BODY LIES.



Exterior view of the Westminster Coroner's court. The mortuary is in the small building on the left of the photograph.

SCOTTISH EXPLORER DEAD.

Mr. David Porteus, who was medical officer to Sir John Ross's expedition in 1850 to the Arctic in search of Sir John Franklin, died at Darlington yesterday. He had medals for service in the Arctic regions, Baltic and Crimean campaigns, and Indian Mutiny.

A "BRAWNY" LASS.

Mrs. Rose Kownski, of St. Louis, has been fined by Judge Pollard for beating her husband. She was the first husband-beater, said the Judge, that he had punished. She drove her husband from the house, caught him up, knocked him down, and was beating him when the police arrived.

PINERO ON THE PARISIAN STAGE.

Parisian playgoers (writes our correspondent) are much interested in Pinero's play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which is to be produced at the Odéon next Tuesday. The rôle of Paula has been given to that charming actress, Mile. Berthe Bady, who is enchanted with the part.

Critics well acquainted with Pinero's play say Mile. Bady will be as successful in France as Mrs. Patrick Campbell was in England and Duse in Italy.

Unhidden Treasure for everyone scattered about the streets of London. See the clues on Page 2 of to-day's DAILY MIRROR and go and pick it up.



MR. GEORGE LEWIS, the distinguished son of Sir George Lewis, who, as solicitor, prepared the defence of Mr. Whitaker Wright, and who did brilliantly with a hopeless case. (Photo by Elliott & Fry.)

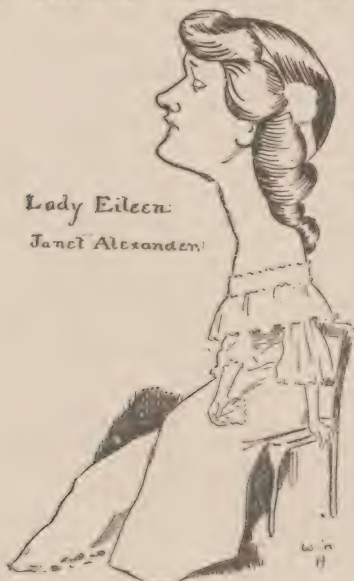
Madrasi Easily Disposed of the Irish Champion, O'Rourke, at the London Pavilion Yesterday.

(receives 2,000, 3,000, 4,000)

PICTURES FROM LAST NIGHT'S PLAY.



CHARLIE PONSONBY.
A. Vane-Tempest.



Lady Eileen.
Janet Alexander.



Captain O'Brien.
Frank Cooper.



Earl of
Kinceth.
Branden Thomas.



Lady Margaret.
Rosina Felippa.

Some of the principal
characters in Captain
Basil Hood's "Love in a
Cottage" at Terry's
Theatre.

AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE. TO-NIGHT at 8.
JEWELL SWANLAND.
The Widow Woods.
Every Wednesday and Saturday, 2.20.

THEATRE. MR. TREE.
The Darling of the Gods.
Every Wednesday and Saturday, 2.15.
Theatricals open daily, 10 to 12.

THEATRE. MR. LEVIN WALLER.
The Darling of the Gods.
Every Wednesday and Saturday, 2.15.
Theatricals open daily, 10 to 12.

THEATRE. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
The Darling of the Gods.
Every Wednesday and Saturday, 2.15.
Theatricals open daily, 10 to 12.

THEATRE. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
The Darling of the Gods.
Every Wednesday and Saturday, 2.15.
Theatricals open daily, 10 to 12.

PERSONAL.
JEWELL bought for cash, Gatchpole and
Jewell, 120, New Bond Street, London, W. are prepared
to buy from the country receive immediate atten-

of the "Weekly Dispatch" from
for 1860/20/7, and 1861. Send par-
Daily Mirror office, 2, Carnarvon
Skin Food, 120, New Bond Street.

NOTICES TO READERS.
Advertising, and General Business
of the Daily Mirror are:-
2, CARMELITE STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

of the "Weekly Dispatch" from
for 1860/20/7, and 1861. Send par-
Daily Mirror office, 2, Carnarvon
Skin Food, 120, New Bond Street.

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Skin Food, 120, New Bond Street.

The
Daily Mirror.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1904.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

A New Thing in Journalism.

To-day we announce the result of the most remarkable competition ever arranged by a newspaper. In November last we invited readers of the *Mirror* to suggest what they would like the paper to be, and an enormous number—more than 20,000—responded to the invitation. This in itself was gratifying. It showed that the interest taken in the paper, and in this novel plan of asking readers to assist in editing it, was very great, and spread over all classes of the community. But the hope that any real assistance would be given by our amateur editor friends was unfortunately doomed to extinction.

If we must be frank, the task of reading carefully through all the proposals made on the 20,000 postcards was rather disappointing. A very large number were purely fantastic. An equally large proportion were utterly unpractical. The two hundred winning suggestions, to which we award the prizes, announced this morning, were selected with the utmost patience and impartiality, and we have no hesitation in declaring them to be the best. But it would be quite impossible to carry out, in this imperfect world, even all the ideas which have been adjudged worthy of reward.

This number of the *Mirror* is especially interesting in many other ways than this. It is, for one thing, the first to be issued at a halfpenny, and it establishes a record on that fact, for it is the first illustrated halfpenny paper in the history of journalism. The very nature of the many illustrations which fill our pages also marks an epoch. They are most of them quite as much "news of the day" as the printed matter which was once held to be alone worthy of that title.

The old tradition that pictures were only a makeweight, only a sop to the idle curiosity of the less serious kind of reader, has altogether passed away. Our pictures do not merely accompany the printed news. They are a valuable help to the understanding of

it. What has hitherto been left to weekly papers we shall do every day. All who come prominently before the public will be shown to our readers "in their habit as they live." The camera and the artist's pencil will reproduce all kinds of scenes that are passing around us. In short, the direct appeal to the eye will, wherever it is possible, supplement the written word, which is designed in a more cumbersome fashion to penetrate the mind.

Already we can produce results which we have no hesitation in offering to the public, and we do not fear to promise such improvements upon these results as will give the *Mirror* a unique place among the journals of the world.

BREAKFAST
TABLE TALK.

The constitution of the Royal Commission which is going to sit on gas has been announced. If the Commission brings any light to bear on the subject it is likely to rise early.

The Emperor Menelik is sending two hyenas and a lion to President Roosevelt. These, however, will be of little real use to that strenuous liver. One good boxing kangaroo would have been worth all three.

A letter from Albania, states that a blood feud, which arose from a dispute over a sum of two shillings, has gone on for ten years, and has cost seventy-two lives. We hope that the story may prove a warning to Mr. Winter and Miss Corelli.

The Edinburgh students who publicly presented Sir Robert Finlay with a goliwig after the delivery of the Rectorial address have been rusticated for two years. The authorities hope that by the end of that time the offenders will have outgrown their liking for dolls.

The French cruiser Sully is to leave immediately for the Far East, in spite of the fact that her officers are afraid she will break down. A captain, who lately refused under similar circumstances to put to sea, was considered to have sullied his reputation.

A van traveller, charged with embezzlement, stated that his "School Board education had not fitted him for complicated book-keeping." His employers, however, urged that they would have forgiven him for not keeping the books if only he had not kept the money.

In spite of the competition of Mr. Rocke-

feller, Mr. Pierpont Morgan has succeeded in purchasing MSS. of Byron and Lytton. He is to be congratulated on being at last the possessor of some really high-class scrip, but, as usual, he appears to have paid more than the market rates.

The "Medical Press," apropos of the St. Bartholomew's scheme, says "it is questionable whether the surgeon of the future will sanction serious operations in a town environment." We may add that it is very doubtful whether the charitable public will sanction building operations on the Smithfield site.

The suggestion of a French engineer that passengers might travel from London to Paris without changing by the use of Channel boats specially constructed to carry trains is a gruesome one indeed. The thought of being pent up with nine invalids in a third-class carriage on a choppy sea is enough to make the boldest turn pale.

During the hearing of an assault case yesterday it was alleged that the defendant rushed at the plaintiff "like a wild tiger," exclaiming, "Out you go! Out you go!"

But have you ever, by the way,
Seen tigers acting so?
Or heard them to their destined prey
Exclaiming "Out you go?"
Oh, no, they have a useful style
That strikes the victim dumb,
They merely smile a pleasant smile,
And murmur, "In you come!"

The "Viedomosti" declares that Russia would derive much greater benefit from a declaration of war by China than from putting up with the present dubious neutrality of that country. The bad taste of China in refusing under these circumstances to appeal to the sword is the subject of much comment in St. Petersburg.

The use of bribes or lures by publicans to tempt people in to drink is rightly discouraged by licensing magistrates. But what is to be said of the innkeeper who posts a notice in his window stating that the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" may be consulted within? Surely the offer of dry literature to provoke a thirst should be strictly prohibited.

An American road-maker, having obtained a clue to treasure buried by a murderer, is, according to a contemporary, "waiting for the frost to come out of the ground to dig for the treasure." Why he expects the frost to do that is not stated, though the point is distinctly interesting, but as the details of the clue are published, somebody may forestall the frost and the road-mender, unless the latter bestirs himself.

LADY CONSTANCE MACKENZIE, THE COWBOYS' IDOL.

In Blue Overalls and a Short Coat She Rides and Hunts in Texas.

When Lady Constance Mackenzie invaded South-West Texas all precedent laid down in tales of cowboys and the plains was violated.

She rode and hunted from dawn of the first day that found her on the plains up to the evening that, five days later, found her ready to start on her return.

During the five days of her stay the adventures of Lady Constance were many. Two savage wild dogs fell at her hand after an adventure that might

to excite horror, ripping and tearing with the tusks.

It was after a long search that Lady Constance Mackenzie finally sighted a wild hog. Galloping in pursuit, she drew her revolver and fired. The animal turned at bay, wounded and ugly.

Lady Constance jumped from her horse, ran straight toward the hog, swinging her bridle over her left arm, and fired again at the wounded beast, this time with fatal effect.

Later in the day she shot another javeline.

On the last day of her stay at the Laureles Ranch she rode to Santa Gertrude's Ranch, a distance of thirty-five miles. She was attired in blue overalls and the coat of a man. Reaching there at noon, she sat down to dinner in her masculine garb, and returned in the afternoon. The distance covered was over seventy miles, and on no other day during her stay did Lady Constance ride less than that distance.

"She ought to've been a man," explained a cow



"BUFFALO BILL" DRIVING HIS MOTOR.

here resulted seriously but for her presence of mind and ability to shoot. Attired in the garb of a man she appeared in Corpus Christi and created a sensation. Later, once free upon the plains, she rode hundreds of miles and called upon the aristocrats of the ranges, attired in blue overalls and a coat such as might originally have been constructed for the use of a Mexican greaser.

Now she is the cowboys' idol and the woman of all women for the south-western corner of the country.

Under the guidance and protection of Colonel Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill," of "Wild West" fame, Lady Constance "roughed it" to the limit of the physical endurance of a hardened man.

Almost level, the plain is covered with prickly pear cactus, mesquite grass, and breaks or thickets, in which hide the wild hogs that stray north from Mexico and Central America, known in the dictionary as peccary and locally called javeline (pronounced javeline). The ranch extends along the shores of the bay, where the water at this time of the year is covered with wild ducks.

No sooner had Lady Constance arrived on the ranch than the search for the javeline commenced. The cowboys, who had spent the greater number of their waking hours in the saddle, were scarcely able to keep the pace set by this feminine "tenderfoot" from Scotland, who galloped and galloped through the bush from dawn to dark.

The javelines of South-West Texas are vicious. When at bay they will fight in a manner calculated



LADY CONSTANCE MACKENZIE, The Aristocratic Lady Cowboy.

puncher. "But for a woman she beats 'em all. For ridin' an' shootin' she's the best ever."

Lady Constance Mackenzie is only twenty-two years old. She is tall, a brunette, and has a strikingly good figure.

She is sister of the Countess of Cromartie and heiress-presumptive to the Cromartie earldom (also to the titles of Viscountess Tarbat, Baroness Castlehaven and Baroness Macleod).

Her prospective estates yield a revenue of £10,000 a year—the Cromartie fortune is one of the largest in England.

She is the champion woman swimmer of England, a fearless horsewoman, an expert polo player, a skilful angler, and accomplished musician.

ARTIST MARRIES A SITTER'S DAUGHTER.

While Painting Mr. Bryan's Picture, He Makes Love to the Ex-Candidate's Daughter.

Americans—fond of sentiment as they are of business—are intensely interested in the marriage of Miss Ruth Bryan, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Mr. W. J. Bryan, ex-Democratic candidate for the

Presidency to an impecunious artist, Mr. W. H. Leavitt.

The story shows the bridegroom in rather a pitiful light, for he has heartlessly sacrificed the



Mrs. Leavitt, the heroine of the artistic affaire de cœur, daughter of Mr. W. J. Bryan, a former candidate for the United States Presidency.

Photo by

Barnett & Arnold.



Should war break out in the Far East they will become hospital nurses, and save the suffering soldiers.

happiness of another girl, Miss Cook, of Newport, to whom he made love before marrying Miss Bryan.

Mr. Leavitt is a widower. He married first nine years ago, when he was twenty-four, and went



MR. W. H. LEAVITT, The poor artist who won the heart of pretty Miss Bryan. (Barnett & Arnold.)

with his wife to Paris, where he studied art under Gérôme and other masters. His wife died a year ago.

The bereaved artist was engaged by General Wheeler, the Cuban veteran, to paint his picture, and the two became warm friends.

The General was so delighted with his portrait that he induced Mr. Bryan to sit for the young artist. It was thus that he made the acquaintance of the young girl who has become his wife.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Leavitt, while staying at Newport, had made the acquaintance of a Miss Cook, and he seems to have lost his heart to her very readily.

The lady says that during one long train journey he wrote to her from nearly every important city on the way—affectionate, charming letters, in which he constantly referred to the time when they could marry—such letters as a woman loves to receive from the man she expects to wed.

Art and Love-making.

Here is an example of this hero's outpourings:—"My own Sweet Billee—Get to work, sweetheart, get to work and stop dreaming. I am not coming to see you again for a long time, because it is so much more difficult each time to say 'good-bye!'"

There were references to marriage in all his letters; and, according to the lady, he was continually urging her to become engaged to him. She finally consented, for she "loved him with all her heart."

But then came the sittings for Mr. Bryan's portrait, and the vision of the Newport girl faded from the artist's mind. The portrait took form mouth, and, indeed, is not yet finished. The painter had other things to do.

He was making love all this time to Miss Bryan, though the father had no suspicion.

When the whole affair came out Mr. Bryan was

greatly shocked and used all his courage to dissuade his daughter. But the "silver orator" was powerless to restrain the girl.

She insisted that she would marry Mr. Leavitt, and said if he refused his consent she would go without immediately after her eighteenth birthday.

Mr. Bryan was finally compelled to acquiesce in a match of which he thoroughly disapproved. Sensation lovers will be deprived of the story of a breach of promise case, for the Newport girl will take no action beyond what she has made to vindicate her character.

HYPNOTISM OR FAKERY?

Journalists and doctors speculate as to whether Paris Opera Comique recently witnessed a notice of a novel kind. It was a notice that a lady referred to as Mlle. Magenta, who had been thrown into a hypnotised state, and that condition, though not knowing the name of the doctor, moved only by the influence of the kinds of music. The doctor having passed over the patient's forehead, passes over the patient's forehead, and during the process he says "Laissez la belle dormir, et elle se réveillera Marchez Wagon!" "Gentlemen," she drew herself up to her fullest height, and strove to reach right up to Wagon, as the correspondent states that she had been hypnotised. But was she hypnotised? The question.

KAISER IN CABLE.

Professor Uphues's cable message to the Great, presented by the Kaiser to the States, has been ready in the States for weeks past, but no interest has been shown in Washington, where it is to be sent. The authorities there want it sent, but the papers unfriendly to the United States, intervals to comment on the regard of his Majesty's gift to the United States, and find fault with the policy of the United States toward "the Yankees, who make a courtesy for weakness."

THE NATION'S DRESS BILL.

Of the various statements made concerning the amount of England's dress bill Mr. H. J. Farlane, writing in the "Lady's Review," has difficulty in arriving at a definite conclusion. He says that the bill is certainly more than many would suppose. Certain wardrobe of Mr. and Mrs. B. is valued at £25,000, and it is estimated that the nation's yearly outlay on dress is £25,000,000 per annum, whilst the trade in men's hats (including the trade in women's hats) is valued at £7,875,000.

INCONVENIENT HUSBAND.

A villainous intrigue has caused sensation in Brescia, Lake Como. A married woman, Marguerite Mutti, fell madly in love with her nephew, Pierre Beltracchi, whom she persuaded to rid her of her husband. While the cruel deed Beltracchi savagely attacked the poor woman, inflicting mortal wounds. The victim attracting the attention of the police, the would-be murderer fled, but was soon arrested. The woman, has been arrested, and is strictly guarded to avoid the risk of lynching.

Unhidden Treasure for everyone scattered the streets of London. See the clues of the of to-day's DAILY MIRROR and pick up the

OUR NEW FEUILLETON

THE PATH OF THE PRODIGAL.

"The milestones on the road of life are our own acts and deeds."—COMTESSE DE LA MOTTE.

By **WILSON BARRETT**, Actor-Manager and Author of "The Sign of the Cross," etc.

CHAPTER I.

The Great Drought.

At Woolloogoolonga Gully, in the Never-Never Land of Queensland, Australia, it was one hundred and twenty in the shade. The sun pierced down through the red gum trees unchecked, the very leaves fearing to oppose more than their edges to its rays. Not a drop of water had fallen for many months. A little north of Woolloogoolonga there were children, seven years of age, who had never seen rain. The earth was baked to cracking point. The water-holes were dried up. The beds of the streams were mud or sand, into which cattle or sheep had staggered, in the vain attempt to quench the raging thirst that was devouring them, only to fall and die. Their skeletons and carcasses were everywhere. The sky by day was molten brass, by night burnished copper. The reflection of the bush-fires coloured it from dome to horizon-line, and through the smoke the moon and stars gleamed a glowing blood-red. The birds dropped dead from the scorched boughs. Thirst-maddened wallabies hopped painfully about in the futile search for a drop of water or a blade of green grass. Distracted quailers and selectors had torn down trees and stripped them of their leaves to feed their starving sheep. And the flies—everywhere the flies! The hateful, poisonous, ubiquitous, persevering flies—worse than Egypt's plague, perennial, pestilential. Mingled with their buzzing could be heard the clear ping-g-g of the mosquito, while overhead the wurr-r-r of the locusts rang like thousands of electric rattles, never ceasing, never pausing.

Outside the wooden, bark-roofed hut known as Jack Landon's homestead sat Bill, one of his chums. Bill had another name, but in his usual happy-go-lucky way of the "back-blocker" his surname was probably unknown. Certainly unused. Bill was long and loose of limb, unshaven and unwashed. The precious water was too scarce to waste in cleansing the exterior man; there was barely enough to moisten the interior. Bill was lazily pulling at a wooden pipe, looking longingly every now and then at the flabby and nearly empty water-bag which hung with its dipper from the bough of the barked and ringed gum tree against which he was leaning. The gaunt, spectral, dead and dying trunks, some half cremated, all fatally stricken and hideously ugly, stood out everywhere

as far as the eye could reach, making the land look like a huge, weird cemetery. Acres and acres of stumps of the eucalypti, from which the superstructure had been lopped, met the gaze in every direction. It was Thompson's selection, half-cleared for grazing, on which Jack Landon had been allowed to build a home for himself, his wife, and child.

"Coo-ee!" rang out from some five hundred yards away into Bill's bush-trained, quick ears.

"My word! Dan Murphy!" said Bill, brushing away, mechanically and lazily, the flies from his nose and eyelids.

"Coo-ee!" rang out Dan Murphy a second time, and "Coo-ee!" echoed Bill, too hot, too lazy, too spiritless to move, as he watched the broad, squat figure of Dan Murphy trudging, scorched and footsore, towards him.

Dan was a red-bearded man of fifty, who carried on his back the usual bundle, known by bushmen as a "wag." Taking off his ragged felt hat he mopped his head with an old coloured handkerchief, and gaspingly muttered:—

"Oh, blazes! but it's hot!"

"My word!"

"Fur the love o' sin, gimme a drink."

"No fear!"

"Bill, yer manners is as iligant as yer face is beautiful. It's wather I'm wantin', not whisky. Give us a drink."

"No fear, I tell you. We haven't a quart left." Bill looked anxiously at the water-bag.

"Me playful Bill, I'll trade wid yez; two mouthfuls o' whisky for iv'ry wan o' wather."

Dan held up his flask.

"My word!" Bill slowly rose and put the dipper into the water-bag. "Where's the whisky?"

"Where's the wather?"

The exchange was made, and both men drank eagerly. Bill gasped for breath, and ejaculated, "My word!" once again. Dan licked his lips, and said, "Be gob!"

Drinking again, Bill gasped with satisfaction.

"Hond there! Yez had yez whack," growled Dan, reaching for the flask.

"Two mouthfuls—that my whack? No fear!"

"An' such mouthfuls! Be gob, Bill, me jule, Nature intended yez for a perambulating post-office, and that gully in the face o' yez ye mis-calls yez mouth is the shilt intinded fur noose-papers and parcels. Shtop, yez son uv a horse-leech! Yez'll suck it dhy and swally the bottle."

"What's yer givin' me? Vitriol?" asked the gasping Bill.

"Bill, me son, yez palate's out uv taste."

Bill mopped his eyes with the back of his hand and queried:

"What's brought yer here?"

"Shaff's mare, ma dacent felly, and a lethur fur Jack."

"Jack Mowbray?"

Dan seated himself painfully and carefully beside Bill, he slowly and contemptuously licked the empty water-dipper as he replied:—

"No; Jack Landon."

"My word! A letter for him?"

"That same. The second twin. It's hard to tell 't'other from which when they're apart. Is he here?"

"No fear!"

"Is his missis?"

"Yus."

"Sober?"

"You bet! Jack Mowbray has cut off her allowance."

"Be gob! Sal's a beauty! I've known her fur years. She's a daisy! She's a pache!"

"What he married her fur gits me." Bill thoughtfully scratched his leg.

"He didn't. She married him. He'd been on the dhruuk three weeks. She picked him up in Sydney, kept him in a fuddled way until she'd tied him to her, and when he sobered up he—er—"

And Dan stopped, looking at the hut, at the door of which was now standing a handsome, slatternly, buxom woman of thirty-two.

She was roughly dressed in cotton print and wore a sun-bonnet, dirty and out of shape. This was Landon's wife, known as Sal Landon, and invariably addressed as Sal. Looking sourly at Dan, she asked the wholly unnecessary question:—

"That you, Dan Murphy?"

"That same—with a thirst on 'im loike a little purgatory. It's a thirsty country, ma'am," grumbled Dan.

"Curse the country!" snarled Sal.

"It's done, ma'am, cursed from 'ere to tarnation. The bush is afire fur fifty miles. Noah's flood 'ud hardly put it out."

Sal eyed Dan with an ill-tempered scowl, at once wrathful and distrustful.

The woman must at one time have been very beautiful, in a florid, common way. Even now she was strikingly handsome. Her form, though full, was still superb. Her face was of the Saxon type, her eyes a clear china blue. Her auburn hair was bunched up in great coils round her large well-shaped head. Ill-temper and drink had blurred the picture, they had not wholly de-

stroyed it. Naturally graceful, she felt irresistibly into attitudes that were full of unstudied grace and turesqueness. A very dangerous, selfish, and somewhat less woman, blessed with health and strength, and no indulgence seemed able to kill; a crossbones to enslave men through their worse passions; as destitute of moral principles as an iceberg, and as verdure; selfish, sensual, and idle. Yet, by nature, Landon, a gentleman by birth and instinct, was a "Flood," she sneered. "No fear, in this wretched hole! Who's givin' our wather away? You, Billy?" she queried, as she saw the dipper in Dan's hand.

"No fear!" grunted Bill.

"No, ma'am; the playful Bill gives nothing away. It was a trade we did—whisky for wather."

At the word "whisky" Sal's eyes glittered eagerly.

"Who's got whisky?" she said quickly.

"Meself, ma'am."

"Ask me to drink."

"If I thought you wouldn't be afther taking me at me word, I would ax yez."

"Here. A glass of wather for a nip of whisky. Is it a deal?"

"It's a go. Put the wather in this."

"Outta his water-bottle." "Divil a wan o' me thought to trade whisky for wather."

"Give us the stuff," Sal pleaded huskily.

As Dan passed the flask to her, she said so quietly forward and took it, saying as she did so:—

"No, you don't, Dan; whisky is tabooed here. You ought to know that."

"Give that to me!" screamed Sal.

"No, Mrs. Landon; I think not."

"Agree with you," was the quiet answer.

"I'm in pain. I will have it."

"You're in no pain, and you won't have it."

"What has it to do with you? You're not my husband, anyway."

"No; and it is a matter for mutual congratulation that I am not."

"You're a meddlesome, interfering waggon, that's what you are."

"And you're—" Here he paused for a second, and then continued quietly, "my own wife."

That's what you are.

The speaker was John Mowbray, a fine specimen of healthy manhood, above the middle height, broad-chested, muscular, hard as the palm of his hand, and tanned to a deep, rich olive-brown by the southern sun. He wore a wavy, dark chestnut

Continued on page 15.

THE NORTHUMBRIAN WIFE.

The degeneracy of the modern woman has been much commented upon recently. Unwilling to undertake the duties of motherhood or housekeeping, the housewife, one would think, was now an extinct species; yet in Northumberland, if nowhere else, she may be seen to-day working as hard and taking the same pride in her work as did her mother and grandmother before her.

In many ways, the Northumbrian housewife stands alone, and it would be interesting to discover whether any other county can produce her equal. Where, outside of Northumberland, is the woman to be found who will undertake the management of the household, washing and baking at home, and show equally good results?

Washing Day in the North.

In Northumberland the washing day is a regular institution; the dull thud, thud of the "pos stick" as it strikes the clothes on the bottom of the "pos tub" is well known to Northumbrian ears, and the housewife can point with pride to the purity of her household linen.

The baker's van makes no daily house-to-house call there, as the Northumbrian housewife considers it a disgrace to buy her household bread; nor will she send it to the bakehouse to be baked. From first to last it is made at home, and many an exile from the county longs in vain for a loaf of the crisp, golden-brown, home-made bread that his soul loves.

She is usually an excellent cook, this bonny north-country housewife, with her treasured recipe book, written by herself, containing recipes which have been handed down for generations in her family. If occasion arise, she will take the cooking into her own hands, and do herself excellent credit.

Her plum puddings are famous, and no doubt taste all the sweeter because of the curious Northumbrian custom of "stirring the pudding," by which every member of the household, down to the baby, stirs in turn with a large spoon the mixture in the pudding basin, before it is boiled, thus bringing luck to the family.

Her apple pies and fruit loaf are equally well known; her scones and tea cakes are as light as the proverbial feather, and her girdle cakes or "singing hannies" are copied with poor success in other parts of the country.

The purity or impurity of bought jams is of little importance to her, as she preserves large quantities of fruit each season, and her home-made marmalade compares very favourably with the famous Scottish productions.

Her Skill as a Needlewoman.

She can knit well, and, in addition to making stockings and other warm garments, sometimes knits beautiful white quilts, lace doyleys, and other pretty articles. What a comfort this knitting is to the woman as she grows old, and her eyes begin to fail, who can say, for the knits as easily in the darkness as in the light. Many a dear old white-haired Northumbrian woman of eighty years, or even more, may be seen to-day with her wooden knitting sheath at her side, busily knitting—it may be the dainty cot cover for her latest great-grandchild. The recently-revived crochet work, tatting, and netting are all familiar to her. Her family is often a large one, and no children are better cared for nor have more love

Which County Produces the Best House Mistress?

showered upon them than the "bonny bairns" of Northumberland.

To give up housekeeping would be to the Northumbrian housewife a confession of failure. For

immediate circle, possesses her share of artistic and musical talent, and in appearance and intelligence compares favourably with her sisters of other counties. The reproach of being badly dressed



The neutral shades, such as cloud grey, opal, and oliver, brightened with bugle embroideries, and trimmed with fine lace, are uppermost in fashion; and shown above is a simple and exquisite full dress toilette, carried out in cygnet crepe de Chine, and worn with a pale amber-lined white cape.

her hotel life has no charm, for her heart is in her home, and her great ambition is to make that home as happy and as comfortable as possible. Her hospitality to the stranger within her gates is known throughout the land.

With all these homely accomplishments she must not be considered a "Martha," for she takes a lively interest in all that is going on outside her

has now, with reason, been removed from her. She has not, perhaps, the same talent for saving as her sister over the Border; neither does she spend with the lavish hand as her south-country sister.

May it be long before this healthy, happy, home-loving Northumbrian housewife is replaced by the much-talked-of "woman of the period."

THE DAILY TIME-SAVER.

DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 70.—FILETS DE SOLE A LA GEISHA.

By M. GRANVILLIER, Chef of Princes' Restaurants.

To my knowledge, it is the first time that this have been served in this manner. Of course, you people might have the same ideas as myself, but of this I am not aware. For two persons in an middle-sized sole, fillet it, then cook it in an with some white wine, salt, pepper, and some roots of parsley. When the crones (Japan flat in a china dish, with some crones (Japan artichoke) cooked in the ordinary way, are in butter; the crones to be put all round the fillets. Cover the fillets with a Mornay Sauce, and you have added a Julienne of finely-chopped spinach, and cooked beforehand in butter. Glaze the fillets of sole under a salamander over an oven.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from West End Shops.

No. 235.—STUFFED HERRINGS.

INGREDIENTS:—Four herrings, four ounces of crumbs, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one ounce of butter, one egg, a little ground black pepper, salt and pepper.

Wash and trim the herrings, remove the bone, and lay the fish on a buttered baking sheet. Mix together the crumbs, parsley, lemon juice, seasoning; melt and add the butter, then mix the egg and add it. Spread this mixture over the side of each herring and fold the other side over the crumbs, and there put in a little butter. Bake in the oven from fifteen to twenty minutes.

Caper sauce may, if liked, be served with dish.

Cost 1s. for four portions.

No. 236.—SODA CAKE.

INGREDIENTS:—One pound of flour, one pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, one pound of bicarbonate of soda, one ounce of candied peel, two eggs, one milk, one level teaspoonful of carbonate of soda.

Sieve the flour and soda into a basin, then the butter and rub the eggs, and add the other ingredients, and, lastly, add the milk. Mix with a cake-tin with buttered minutes put it in the oven, for the first few minutes to be part of the oven, then move to one side and heat. It will take from one to two hours to bake.

Finish with it if it is done, stick a clove into it; if it comes out clean the cake is done otherwise it is not.

Cost 1s. 2d. for a dozen slices.

Continued from page 14.

his eyes were hazy, his features clear-cut, and his strength and latent force. Roughly dressed in a blue shirt, a pair of trousers tucked into a deep red shirt, open at the neck, and a pair of boots, he was an un-
derstandable gentleman as the woman he was addressing was not a lady. One of the many things that struck her was the way in which he was dressed, and she thought of the colonies (bred, and trained as gentlemen) to work like slaves on the farms, or farm-hands for a living, until they were something rich, or die in the bush, and be buried in unmarked graves, even their names forgotten.

"You vulgar creature with contemptuous looks," said he, and then turned with a smile to Dan.
"You trouble Dan?"
"After going down at Larimer's Post they asked me to bring along this letter from Jack. If I was coming this way."

"I don't discuss that. I've brought the letter for my husband! I'll take that," said Sal, and handed the letter to him.
"You know, Mrs. Landon; I'll take it. Landon is your partner, you know," interposed Jack.
"Do you know that this is business?"
"I don't know that it isn't," said Sal.
"It's money come from home. Let me see it."

"Landon; your husband shall do that himself," said Sal.
"I'll give my husband a bit of my mind," said Jack.
"He's often given me a bit of his mind," said Sal.
"A pretty pair!" sneered Sal.

"Externally, we are not a bad pair," said Sal.
"Landon's worth a dozen of me," said Jack.
"You're up to your ears for years, for one thing. I have broken your neck long ago," said Sal, with a smile which made it difficult to believe he was joking or in earnest.
"I believe you would," chuckled the woman, and with some trace of admiration at Jack, she decided to drop the subject.

"Drop it? It's well founded, Mrs. Landon," said Sal.
"Drop it, Mrs. Landon!"
"I'm not enough of it. Call me Sal," said Jack.
"I'm not enough of it. Call me Sal," said Jack.

"Here Jack slipped a small water-bag from under his coat."
"Where did you pump this?" asked Sal.
"From the creek," said Jack.
"Where did you pump this?" asked Sal.
"From the creek," said Jack.

"I heard the Craig was missing. Did you find 'em?" queried Dan.
"After two days' search we did. The whole family were in a muddy water-hole, with blankets over their heads, and the sparks and burning embers. 'What are you doing there?' we shouted. 'Come out of that!' Craig shouted back, 'Come and lead us out. We're blind.' And it was true. They fought the infernal fire till it blinded them, and then groped their way to the mud-hole to avoid walking into the flames. They had been drinking whisky, and the sparks and burning embers found them, and they dared not move. We sent them down to the hospital. Every stick of their farm gone—House, barns, crop, stock, horses—even the very fences wiped completely out. Where yesterday stood a prosperous holding there is to-day nothing but cinders. And that's the end of ten years' hard and honest work. Oh! but it's a lovely place, this 'Never-Never Land.'"

"How's the claim done?" asked Dan.
"Can we wash for gold in a sun-dried gully? If we haven't water to drink, what can we do with our lovely claim? For two broiling, brick-baking months we haven't found enough gold to gild the hind leg of a mosquito."

"Smudge looked at her knight with grave interest as she sat down on the dried leaves. Jack, though outwardly seldom sad or depressed, had a little trick of dropping occasionally into a minor key in speaking, very suggestive of unsatisfied longings and hope deferred. He was a singularly reticent man, as most bushmen are, and said little or nothing of himself at any time, but Smudge, quick, divining little spirit felt his moods, and was always in deep sympathy with them. She gave a small sigh as she saw the fleeting cloud on his face, and, drawing a piece of string from the bosom of her dress, she said, looking up at Jack:
"Lend us your knife, Knight."

"To cut this string. I want to mend me 'at." And Smudge began to tie up the separated plies of her old straw hat, with full sense of the merit of her extreme tidiness and neatness.
"Come 'ere and be in attendance, Knight," commanded the royal Smudge. And Jack obediently went to her, and sat down on the ground, and began to mend her hat. "I'll tie up these cracks. There, that's it. I suppose yer never was a knight to a princess afore me, was yer, Jack?" asked Smudge; a tinge of anxious trepidation was in her voice.
"Never such a Princess as you, Smudge."

"Was there ever any princess at all afore me?"
"No, I don't think there was. But why do you ask?"
"Well, yer see, Knight, it ain't much fun to be one of a crowd, is it? If I'm yer only Princess, I got yer all ter myself. If there's been a lot of 'em, well, there yer see, yer know!" And Smudge gave a small sigh, but somewhat vague wave of the old hat, which apparently took in the whole landscape.

"Well, yer see, the only Princess I've served up to now. I say, Smudge, that hat will do you credit yet."
"I suppose a real Princess wouldn't mend her old hat with strings, would she?"
"No, not if she could afford to buy a new one."

"Now, tell us a story of a real Princess, and suppose all the time I'm the one. I'll keep the flies off yer."

"Right, Smudge. So it goes." And the good-hearted fellow, lying on his back, with his hands under his head and his hat tilted over his nose, told her in his own fashion the story of Lancelot and Elaine, artfully weaving in a happy denouement by bringing Elaine back to life and marrying her to Lancelot. Tears gathered in Smudge's eyes and stole down her grimy cheeks; her bosom rose and fell in sympathy with the story, and her face was lit up with the stars of a happy dream.

"Knight, was I Elaine all through that?"
"Yes, Princess."

"Well, then, you was, a'course, Sir Lancelot. Ah! I like that story."

Comparisons are not to be made between the men of the selection, and her father's chum, who was utterly indifferent to her. Her father, with whom she was accustomed to encourage and on second-best, encouraged her to the greatest extent, and raised with laughter at her rudeness, and her father corrected her faults affectionately, always, Bred in the gutters of

Sydney herself, she cared little to give her daughter a better chance than that which had been her own. Smudge's father took but scant notice of her. What love and affection she got came solely from Jack, who showed such a brotherly interest in her doings and wishes that he had captured her faithful little heart and cleared himself to her that she was a tiny dot of six.

"Thirsty, are you? Then put your lips to this, my Princess," and Jack handed Smudge some water.
Smudge seized the dipper eagerly, and raised it to her parched lips; but, suddenly pausing, she peered over the rim of it, sharply asking:
"Had any yerself?"
"Going to, Princess; going to."

"Slip yer die?" This was asked with great solemnity.
"So help me die!"
"But I know yer; just like yer to give it all away and go first yerself. 'Ere, ave 'all o' this.' And Smudge held out the dipper.
Jack pretended to drink, saying, "There you are."

"You didn't take a drop. I know yer." Jack, with a mock fierceness, raised his hand and roared: "Drink, or I'll kill you, Smudge!"
Smudge, quietly sceptical, remarked, "Garn! Take a mouf-full fust."
"There, I've nearly swallowed the lot," lied Jack, after taking a sip.
"Hah, ha! I know yer." Now she drank greedily. "O-h! O-h! O-h! Ain't it good! It's like that champagne yer brought us from Sydney, after you'd been in—"

Jack interrupted her.
"Hold on, Smudge, don't get reminiscent. Memory is a poor plaster for aching consciences. Can't forget some things. Wish I could," answered Smudge, thoughtfully.
"Ah—your're not the only one who wishes he could forget, and can't. Have a drink, Bill?" asked Jack, as he handed the dipper to Bill.
"My word, I fust will. Dan's whisky has burnt the lining out of my shirt front," answered Bill; and he drained the dipper dry.

Dan had risen, and was looking towards the bush.
"Be gob, that looks like a big blaze over to Thompson's way."
Jack watched the direction in which Dan had pointed, and answered:
"If the wind rises, there'll be a big blaze every way. The earth's under, the sun fire, and there's not enough water between here and Wallerby Creek to drown a fly in. All I got on the tramp to-day is a streak of my handkerchief in the mud of a horse's hoof-print and I sucked and lingered over it as if it had been nectar or Smudge's champagne."

"I heard the Craig was missing. Did you find 'em?" queried Dan.
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"Now, tell us a story of a real Princess, and suppose all the time I'm the one. I'll keep the flies off yer."

"Right, Smudge. So it goes." And the good-hearted fellow, lying on his back, with his hands under his head and his hat tilted over his nose, told her in his own fashion the story of Lancelot and Elaine, artfully weaving in a happy denouement by bringing Elaine back to life and marrying her to Lancelot. Tears gathered in Smudge's eyes and stole down her grimy cheeks; her bosom rose and fell in sympathy with the story, and her face was lit up with the stars of a happy dream.

"Knight, was I Elaine all through that?"
"Yes, Princess."

"Well, then, you was, a'course, Sir Lancelot. Ah! I like that story."

Comparisons are not to be made between the men of the selection, and her father's chum, who was utterly indifferent to her. Her father, with whom she was accustomed to encourage and on second-best, encouraged her to the greatest extent, and raised with laughter at her rudeness, and her father corrected her faults affectionately, always, Bred in the gutters of

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CHAPTER III. The Opening of a Letter.

Dan and Bill had lazily smoked and listened to Jack. Sal was asleep, and placidly snoring. The sun had gone down with true antipodean alacrity, and all was dark, save for the light from the sky-lit tent. As the moon rose, and the stars appeared, they gleamed red and sombre through the rolling clouds of smoke. Faint sounds of crackling branches came at intervals from a distance. The pungent smell of burning eucalyptus trees filled the nostrils, and the smoke-tinged air made the eyes smart and run with water.

The heat was intense. The lungs were scorched with air, and the black, like a furnace, Jack's voice was tired with his recital; the others had no desire to speak—it was enough to lie still and gasp for breath. Jack rose, and, going into the cabin, brought out a bush-lamp—a tin saucer filled with mutton-fat, with a wick stuck in the centre. This he lit and placed on a stump a few yards away. Quickly, it became a focus of light, and the faces of the men, who were now awake, with little hisses of burning wings and bodies, into the devouring flames. Everything, everywhere, was scorched or burning.
"Be gob, it's the internal regins bruck loose," grunted Dan.
"Thank goodness, there's no wind," said Jack.
"Coo-ee!" came a call from the bush.
"Landon, for a guinea!" And Jack gave an answering cry.

It was Landon. As Jack moved forward to meet him, the effect was startling. It was, in that dim, flickering light, as though one were watching a man, walking towards a mirror. The likeness between the two men, at the first glance, was wonderful. A clever replica, lacking only strength, purity, and charm of the original, would have been the verdict of an artist on comparing the two. While it would be difficult to mistake the one for the other when they were together, it would be easy to do so, if not too well acquainted with them, when they were apart. Landon was hot, weary, and of course, a little out of temper.

"Well, how goes it?" Landon asked, listlessly.
"Drink this, and talk after," and Jack dipped some water from the bag and handed it to Landon.
"Why, it's quite sweet! Where did you get it?" asked Landon.
"Had a little private rain shower in my own back yard," replied Jack.

Landon drank greedily, draining the dipper dry.
"I wanted that badly, Jack. Hullon, Murphy! What are you doing here?" he inquired of Dan.
"He's brought you a letter that looks important, Landon. Come over here to the light."

Landon, looking with interest at Jack, moved away from the camp towards the lamp.
"A letter for me? From whom?"
"Look and see, old man," whispered Jack.
The letter was in a large official or legal-looking blue envelope. Landon, sitting with his back to the lamp and opening the outer cover, drew forth three enclosures; one was an open letter, on blue paper, typewritten; the other two were small white envelopes with a deep mourning border. At the sight of the writing of the first he started and ejaculated "My God!"

Jack, who was standing with folded arms against a tree a few yards off, asked:
"What is it, Landon?"
"My mother's writing."

Sal had been awakened by Smudge, and had drawn near to her husband. Noting his agitation, and not hearing his exclamation, she sneered.
"Who's yer letter from? One of yer gals at home?"
A dark, angry frown settled upon Landon's brow, and he answered, fiercely,
"Get me some tea."

"Not until I've 'eard that letter," answered his wife.
The look on Landon's face was not pleasant to contemplate. Jack was watching him closely, and, fearing an altercation, stepped towards Sal, and, offering her his arm, with a bow, minced out:
"Will Mrs. Landon give me the extreme pleasure of taking her in to supper?"

Sal snorted and scowled viciously; but a look in Jack's eyes induced discretion, and, with an angry gesture, she flounced off into the hut.
"Get rid of the others, Jack," Landon whispered.
Jack went to the men, and, in a cheery tone, said:
"Dan, go to my caboose, and take Bill with you. You'll find some damper and cold mutton. Help yourselves."
The two men strolled away.

Turning to Smudge, and offering her his arm, Jack addressed her formally, saying:
"Now, Princess—supper."
"Supper! There ain't no supper. I know yer."

"Smudge, you've the penetration of a diamond drill, and the open-mindedness of a prairie. You get there every time. Now then. On with our best court manners, Princess. The real swagger department, Princess. Department! Allons, Princess."

With exaggerated ceremony Jack conducted Smudge to the door of the tent and left her.
Landon had scanned the legal letter and opened the two mourning envelopes, but had only read one of the enclosures and a few lines of the other when he paused and drew from the large cover a photograph, and gazed earnestly at it. It was the portrait of a very beautiful girl of nineteen or twenty, with dark hair, and a lovely, smiling face, the breath, that almost threatened to end in a sob, came from Landon as he scrutinised the picture.

"Jack, come here," he called huskily.
Jack went, and Landon handed him the photograph. Jack's face flushed with pleasure and surprise as he looked at it. He had never seen a living face, he had been interested in many women in low life, none. He was a very reserved man; cared little for making friends or acquaintances. He had lived alone for months on the ranches of Texas and in the gullies and cañons of the Rockies. He had no affection for crowded cities, and society, and he was never ready to help others, but he asked and wanted nothing in return. He attracted people more than they did him. He was deeply attached to Landon and his daughter Smudge; beyond

these two there was not a soul he could claim as a friend, as he knew friendship, and he had not a relative on earth. In spite of all this, he was to others a most companionable man. Never boisterous in spirit, he was always bright and cheery. Hard to provoke, he never roused, terrible in his wrath, as many who had crossed him had cause to remember. He had never known a home life or a parent's care. His father had married a beautiful girl against the wishes of her family. They had disowned her. Jack's father, Matthew Mowbray, was a poor, uneducated man, and the girl's people were so furious at her choice, that the two loved each other, and were, for a time, happy. When Jack was born, the young mother quietly gave up her life, and her broken-hearted husband hated this innocent cause of her death. He turned from the rosy, warm babe to the cold, white, girlish figure that was lying so quietly and calmly among the lilies on the floor, and the only nurse to take the child away, and locked himself in the death-chamber. It was hours before he left it, and when he did so his face and manner were changed entirely. He looked years older.

When Jack grew up he was sent to a school which he never left even in holiday times. He had no home to go to. His father was on service in India, and for years he never saw him. When Jack was sixteen the news came that his father had been killed in action, and that he must now shift for himself. A few hundred pounds were placed to his credit with a lawyer and he was absolutely alone in the world. From that time he had been a wanderer. He had no purpose in life, no one to live for. He had made no success, and he had not the power or the opportunities. He had the one and could make the other. Indeed, he often did, and as often stood aside to let another take them. He preferred the struggle to the achievement. He simply did not care enough to take advantage of his chances. He could stand before the world with his head high, and wonder at the rush of others for wealth; that he would turn aside and seek quiet elsewhere. Women had loved him. It gave him no joy to know this. He pitied them, and went his way. He began to marvel at his own immunity from heart attacks, and wondered whether there was really such a thing as love in the world—or, if it did exist, whether he was capable of feeling it. He had passed weeks and weeks among the Rockies without seeing a human face. The vast silence of those giant peaks spoke to him as no human voice had ever spoken. The rushing torrents sang songs to him, the whistling winds among the lofty pines played to him. The sunrises and sunsets wrapped him in a delicious languor, and the clear, rarefied air the stars gleamed like small moons, and the moon shone larger than it ever shines elsewhere, filled him with a great peace, and still greater reverence. He forgot he was alone; he remembered that he was a wanderer, he was the son of a man, and at home in the presence of her glorious works. But the joy of blood relationship and real soul affinity he had never known. His love for Landon was that of a strong brother for a weak one; his affection for Smudge that of a man for a child sister. Such sensations as he had, he had looking at the portrait he held in his hand, he had never known. He did not attempt to analyse them; he was lost in them, oblivious to all else. When Landon spoke to him, his voice seemed to come from a distance.

"Well, Jack? Well?"
"How lovely!" sighed Jack.
"My sister?"
"Your sister?" asked Jack, in intense surprise.
"Old man, I never told you that I had a mother and sister in England. I've not seen either of them for twenty years. Haven't seen my sister since she was a toddling kiddie." And Landon pointed to the photograph upon which Jack's eyes were still fastened.
"Read that to me. I can't read."

The letters all ran together, and Landon handed Jack one of the letters.

CHAPTER IV. The Only Way.

Still holding the portrait, Jack sat down, shifted the lamp, and read aloud the missive to Landon.
"My dear brother, my dearest Jack, my darling old brother, whom I have never seen, at last we have traced you, or, at least, the Sydney lawyers have. As we called you through them, Sir James is dead—"

Jack looked up at Landon for information, and Landon answered:
"My step-father."

"Did you get the cable?"
"Not till now. It was in the letter."

Jack went on reading.
"Sir James is dead. His death was terribly sudden, and we feel it deeply. He was always kind to me, though he was cruel to you."

Jack paused once more.
"Sir James Walgrove married my mother within two years of my father's death. My father died a ruined and broken-hearted man. The old home, Lancelot Abbey, was mortgaged up to the hilt to Sir James, whom I always instinctively hated and believed to have deliberately beggared my father. They both loved my mother; she loved and married my father. Sir James hated my father for this, and drew him all sorts of plausible but rotten schemes, and finally broke him. My father was out of the way, he renewed his suit with my mother. She, poor soul, was penniless, and only remained at the old home by the mercy of Sir James. For her children's sake she married him. Once married, he made my life a torment unendurable. He knew I hated and suspected him. One day, he made some insulting remark about my dead father, and I flew at him like a mad thing, kicking and biting for all I was worth. He strapped me to the bedstead, and thrashed me nearly to death. I never left my room for a week. As soon as I could crawl, I crept down to my mother, and told her I meant to leave the house, never to return to it while her husband lived, and swore never willingly to look on him again. She begged and prayed; I was steel. I kissed her and little baby Sybil, left the house, found my way to the docks, and shipped, cabin-boy to Sydney, and have never seen home since. Now—"

"Your enemy is dead!"
"Yes; he is dead. Go on."

Jack read on.
"He is dead, dear brother, and you must try to forgive him, and come home at once. Do not delay a day. Darling little sister is fading away for the want of her boy. Dear Jack, she has never ceased to grieve and pray for you, and taught my

Continued on page 16.

Two Hundred Amateur Editors Receive £5 Each for Suggestions for Improvement of this Newspaper.

Taking all things into consideration, therefore, the task of the judges in coming to a decision which would be at all likely to meet with approval has been an onerous and difficult one, and in view of the fact that the selected postcards were of comparatively equal merit, the Editors of the *Daily Mirror*, as the sole arbitrators in making

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Hull.
Miss L. M. Briant Phillips, 108, Pathfield-rd., Springfield

"And Sal?"

There was an unwonted ring of hardness in Jack's voice as he replied, "Let her stop behind, and drink herself to death. She'll do that anyway, and her mother, when at home with them."

"You're a bit hard on her, Jack."

"Hard be hanged! She's been your ruin, made your life a burden to you. If she had any love for you, I'd forgive her; but she has not. She's as empty as a corn-shuck. An idle, selfish, sensual animal, without a wish or thought beyond her own wants. Think of her in any refined home. She'd be wretched herself, and make everyone else miserable. There'll be plenty of money, I suppose?"

"£20,000 a year, the lawyers say—left to me as 'an act of restitution.' I was not far wrong about Sir James. He wronned my father, and seeks to

the identity, but he was not believed. The cashier and clerks swore positively to him as one of the men who had entered the bank and distracted the attention of the clerks. Jack knew perfectly

"Never-Never Land," will
February 1). "Chance, the Juggler"
continued to-morrow.

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